

*James Esdaile Esdaile*  
*Revised & corrected*  
**SELECT** *H. Ra*  
**PSALMS and HYMNS,**

*1018. K 19*  
*2*  
**FOR THE USE OF THE**

**PARISH CHURCH**

**OF**

**St. B O T O L P H**

**WITHOUT ALDERSGATE,**

**L O N D O N.**  
*By the Rev. H. Ra*

**L O N D O N:**

Printed for the Benefit of the WARD-SCHOOL, and  
may be had by applying to the Parish-Clerk.

**M D C C X C.**

SELECTED

PSALMS and HYMNS

FOR THE USE OF THE

PARISH CHURCH

OF

ST. BOY O L P H

WITHOUT ALDERGATE

LONDON

LONDON

Printed by the Rev. J. H. ... of the ... School, and

... to the ...

1800

TO THE  
READER.

**T**O render *Parochial Psalmody* a rational and edifying part of our public worship, a selection should be made of proper portions of the Psalms from the New Version, which should be adapted to some of the plainest, simplest, and easiest of our most ancient and popular melodies. By the frequent repetition of these, and many other expedients that will naturally suggest themselves to men of judgment, zeal, and piety, there can be no doubt but that this part of divine service would quickly recover its ancient sweetness and solemnity, and become a most delightful and most interesting exercise of piety.—It would operate as a very powerful

erful attraction—it would render our congregations more numerous and more constant—it would enliven and animate their devotion—it would add one charm more to our excellent form of worship ; and whenever we had occasion to solicit the benevolence of the parishioners for the charity-schools, we should have no need to call in the aid of any other musical performers ; for there is no other kind of musical composition so well calculated to touch and affect the heart, and melt it into tenderness, kindness, and compassion towards the whole human race, as well constructed and well regulated psalmody.

*Vide BISHOP of LONDON's Charge to his Clergy.*



---

Sentences of Scripture to be sung before  
Morning and Afternoon Service.

*I will come into thine house, even upon the multitude of thy mercy; and in thy fear will I worship towards thy holy temple.*

*Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be always acceptable in thy sight, O Lord! my strength, and my Redeemer!*

---

41  
Sentences of Judgment to be said before  
Morning and Afternoon Service.

I will come before thee Lord, and will  
show forth thy mercy, and in thy love will I  
trust, and thy righteousness will I  
praise.

Let the words of my mouth, and the  
thoughts of my heart, be always acceptable in  
thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my  
redeemer.

## P S A L M 01.

**H**OW blest is he, who ne'er consents  
 By ill advice to walk ;  
 Nor stands in sinner's ways ; nor sits  
 Where men profanely talk :

But makes the perfect law of God  
 His business and delight ;  
 Devoutly reads therein by day,  
 And meditates by night.

Like some fair tree, which fed by streams,  
 With timely fruit does bend ;  
 He still shall flourish, and success  
 All his designs attend.

Ungodly men, and their attempts,  
 No lasting root shall find ;  
 Untimely blasted, and dispers'd  
 Like chaff before the wind.

For God approves the just man's ways ;  
 To happiness they tend ;  
 But sinners, and the paths they tread,  
 Shall both in ruin end.

## P S A L M V.

**L**ORD, hear the voice of our complaint,  
 Accept our secret pray'r ;  
 To thee alone, our king, our God,  
 Will we for help repair.

Thou in the morn our voice shall hear,  
 And with the dawning day,  
 To thee devoutly we'll look up,  
 To thee devoutly pray.

And when thy boundless grace shall us  
 To thy lov'd courts restore,  
 On thee we'll fix our longing eyes,  
 And humbly there adore.

O let all those who trust in thee,  
 With shouts their joy proclaim:  
 Let them rejoice whom thou preserv'st,  
 And all that love thy name.

To righteous men, the righteous Lord  
 His blessing will extend ;  
 And with his favour all his saints,  
 As with a shield defend.



## PSALM IX.

**T**O celebrate thy praise, O Lord,  
 I will my heart prepare ;  
 To all the listening world thy works,  
 Thy wondrous works declare.

The thought of them shall to my soul  
 Exalted pleasures bring ;  
 Whilst to thy name, O thou Most High !  
 Triumphant praise I sing.

God is a constant sure defence,  
 Against oppressing rage ;  
 As troubles rise, his needful aids  
 In our behalf engage.

All those who have his goodness prov'd,  
 Will in his truth confide ;  
 Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man  
 That on his help rely'd.

Sing praises therefore to the Lord,  
 From Sion his abode ;  
 Proclaim his deeds, 'till all the world  
 Confess no other God.

## P S A L M XIII.

**H**OW long wilt thou forget me, Lord!  
 Must I for ever mourn?  
 How long wilt thou withdraw from me?  
 Oh, never to return!

How long shall anxious thoughts my soul,  
 And grief my heart oppress?  
 How long my enemies insult,  
 And I have no redress?

Oh, hear, and to my longing eyes,  
 Restore thy wonted light;  
 And suddenly, or I shall sleep  
 In everlasting night.

Restore me, lest they proudly boast  
 'Twas their own strength o'ercame;  
 Permit not them that vex my soul,  
 To triumph in my shame.

Then shall my song, with praise inspired,  
 To thee my God ascend;  
 Who to thy servant in distress,  
 Such bounty didst extend.

## P S A L M XV.

**L**ORD, who is he, that happy man,  
 Whom thou so well dost love ;  
 That he may praise thee here below,  
 And dwell with thee above.

'Tis he whose ev'ry thought and deed,  
 By rules of virtue moves ;  
 Whose gen'rous tongue disdains to speak  
 The thing his heart disproves :

Who never did a slander forge,  
 His neighbour's fame to wound ;  
 Nor hearken to a false report,  
 By malice whisper'd round :

Who to his plighted vows and trust,  
 Hath ever firmly stood ;  
 And though he promise to his loss,  
 Yet makes his promise good.

The man who by this steady course,  
 Hath happiness ensur'd ;  
 When earth's foundation shakes, shall stand  
 By Providence secur'd.

## P S A L M XXIII.

**T**HE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,  
 Vouchsafes to be my guide;  
 The shepherd, By whose constant care,  
 My wants are all supply'd.

In pastures fair he makes me feed,  
 And gently there repose;  
 Then leads me to cool shades, and where  
 Refreshing water flows.

He does my wand'ring soul reclaim,  
 And to his endless praise,  
 Instruct with humble zeal to walk,  
 In his most righteous ways.

I pass the gloomy vale of death,  
 From fear and danger free;  
 For there his aiding rod and staff,  
 Defend and comfort me.

Since God does thus his wondrous love,  
 Through all my life extend;  
 That life to him I will devote,  
 And in his temple spend,



## PSALM XXIII.

BY MR. ADDISON.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
 And feed me with a shepherd's care ;  
 His presence shall my wants supply,  
 And guard me with a watchful eye ;  
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,  
 And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant ;  
 To fertile vales and dewy meads,  
 My weary wand'ring steps he leads ;  
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,  
 With gloomy horrors overspread ;  
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
 For thou, O Lord ! art with me still :  
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,  
 Through devious, lonely wilds I stray ;  
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile ;  
 The barren wilderness shall smile,  
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd ;  
 And streams shall murmur all around.

P S A L M.

## P S A L M XXX.

**I**'LL celebrate thy praises, Lord,  
 Who didst thy pow'r employ ;  
 To raise my drooping head—Thy praise,  
 Thy praise, I'll sing with joy.

When in distress I cry'd to thee,  
 Thou kindly didst relieve ;  
 And from the grave's expecting jaws,  
 My hopeless life retrieve.

God's wrath has but a moment's reign,  
 His favour no decay ;  
 Your night of grief is recompens'd,  
 With joy's returning day.

Hence to his courts let all the world,  
 With songs of praise repair ;  
 With me his truth, with me proclaim  
 His providence and care.

Restored thus I gladly sing,  
 To God my voice I raise ;  
 His hand its daily gifts bestows,  
 To God be daily praise.

## P S A L M XXXIII.

**L**ET all the just to God with joy,  
 Their cheerful voices raise;  
 For well the righteous it becomes,  
 To sing glad songs of praise.

Let harps, and psalteries, and lutes,  
 In joyful concert meet;  
 And new made songs of loud applause,  
 The harmony complete.

For faithful is the word of God,  
 His works with truth abound;  
 He justice loves; and all the earth  
 Is with his goodness crown'd.

Our soul on God with patience waits,  
 Our help and shield is he;  
 Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice,  
 Because we trust in thee.

The riches of thy mercy, Lord,  
 Do thou to us extend;  
 Since we, for all we want or wish,  
 On thee alone depend.

P S A L M

## PSALM XXXIV.

**T**HRO' all the changing scenes of life,  
 In trouble and in joy,  
 The praises of my God shall fill  
 My heart and tongue employ.

Of his deliv'rance I will boast,  
 'Till all that are distress'd,  
 From my example comfort take,  
 And charm their griefs to rest.

O magnify the Lord with me,  
 With me exalt his name ;  
 When in distress to him I call'd,  
 He to my rescue came.

O make but trial of his love,  
 Experience will decide,  
 How blest they are, and only they,  
 Who in his truth confide.

Fear him, ye faints, and you will then  
 Have nothing else to fear ;  
 Make but his service your delight,  
 He'll make your wants his care.



## P S A L M XLII.

**L**ORD, as the panting hart desires  
 The cooling streams to gain,  
 So fervently my soul aspires  
 Thy favour to obtain.

Thirsting for thee, the living God,  
 Thy suppliant servant see!  
 O, when to thy divine abode,  
 Thy temple, shall I flee?

Why restless! Why cast down, my soul!—  
 Seek God, and he'll employ  
 His aid for thee, and change thy sighs  
 To thankful hymns of joy.

When thus thy presence, Lord of life!  
 Hath once dispell'd the storm,  
 To thee I'll midnight praises sing,  
 And all my vows perform.

Why restless! Why cast down, my soul!—  
 Hope still, and thou shalt sing  
 The praise of him who is thy God,  
 Thy health's eternal spring.

## P S A L M XLIII.

**J**UST Judge of heav'n! against my foes  
 Do thou assert my injur'd right;  
 O, set me free, my God, from those  
 That in deceit and wrong delight.

Since thou art still my only stay,  
 Why leav'st thou me in deep distress?  
 Why go I mourning all the day,  
 Whilst me insulting foes oppress?

Let me with light and truth be blest,  
 Be these my guides, and lead the way,  
 Till on the holy hill I rest,  
 And in thy sacred temple pray.

Then will I there fresh altars raise  
 To God, who is my only joy,  
 And well tun'd harps, with songs of praise,  
 Shall all my grateful hours employ.

Why then cast down, my soul! and why,  
 So much oppress'd with anxious care?  
 On God, thy God, for aid rely,  
 Who will thy ruin'd state repair.

## P S A L M    LXIII.

O GOD, my gracious God ! to thee  
 My morning pray'rs shall offer'd be :  
 For thee, my thirsty soul does pant,  
 My fainting flesh implores thy grace  
 Within this dry and barren place,  
 Where I refreshing waters want.

O ! to my longing eyes once more,  
 That view of glorious pow'r restore,  
 Which thy majestic house displays ;  
 Because to me thy wondrous love  
 Than life itself does dearer prove,  
 My lips shall always speak thy praise.

My life, while I that life enjoy,  
 In blessing God I will employ ;  
 With lifted hands adore his name ;  
 My soul's content shall be as great  
 As their's who choicest dainties eat,  
 While I with joy his praise proclaim.

## Psalm LXIII. continued.

When down I lie sweet sleep to find,  
 Thou, Lord, art present to my mind;  
 And when I wake in dead of night,  
 Because thou still dost succour bring,  
 Beneath the shadow of thy wing,  
 I rest with safety and delight.

My soul, when foes would me devour,  
 Cleaves fast to thee, whose matchless pow'r  
 In her support is daily shewn;  
 But those the righteous Lord shall slay,  
 That my destruction wish, and they  
 That seek my life, shall lose their own.



## P S A L M LXVII.

TO blefs thy chosen race,  
 In mercy, Lord, incline ;  
 And caufe the brightness of thy face,  
 On all thy faints to fhine.

*Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah !*

That fo thy wondrous way,  
 May thro' the world be known ;  
 While diftant lands their tribute pay,  
 And thy falvation own. *Praise ye, &c.*

Let diff'ring nations join  
 To celebrate thy fame ;  
 Let all the world, O Lord, combine  
 To praise thy glorious name. *Praise ye, &c.*

O let them fhout and fing,  
 Diffolv'd in pious mirth ;  
 For thou, the righteous Judge and King  
 Shalt govern all the earth. *Praise ye, &c.*

Then God upon our land  
 Shall conftant blessings fhow'r ;  
 And all the world in awe fhall ftand  
 Of his refiftlefs pow'r. *Praise ye the Lord,  
 Hallelujah !*

P S A L M

## P S A L M    XCII.

**H**OW good and pleasant must it be,  
 To thank the Lord most high ;  
 And with repeated hymns of praise,  
 His name to magnify.

With ev'ry morning's early dawn,  
 His goodness to relate ;  
 And of his constant truth, each night  
 The glad effects repeat.

To ten string'd instruments we'll sing,  
 With tuneful psalt'ries join'd,  
 And to the harp, with solemn sounds,  
 For sacred use design'd,

For thro' thy wondrous works, O Lord !  
 Thou mak'st my heart rejoice ;  
 The thoughts of them shall make me glad,  
 And shout with cheerful voice.

All glory to thee,  
 Thou mighty Supreme !  
 Whose works are our wonder,  
 Whose goodness our theme :  
 To the nations in darkness,  
 Thy will be made known,  
 And on earth, as in heav'n,  
 Most cheerfully done.

## P S A L M XCV.

**O** COME, loud anthems let us sing,  
 Loud thanks to our Almighty King;  
 For we our voices high should raise,  
 When our salvation's rock we praise.

Into his presence let us haste,  
 To thank him for his favours past;  
 To him address in joyful songs,  
 The praise that to his name belongs.

For God the Lord enthron'd in state,  
 Is with unrivall'd glory great:  
 A king superior far to all,  
 Whom by his title God we call.

The depths of earth are in his hand,  
 Her secret wealth at his command,  
 The rolling ocean's vast abyfs,  
 By the same sov'reign right is his.

O let us to his courts repair,  
 And bow with adoration there;  
 Down on our knees devoutly all,  
 Before the Lord our maker fall.

## P S A L M    XCVII.

**J**EHOVAH reigns ! let all the earth  
     In his just government rejoice ;  
 Let all the isles with sacred mirth,  
     In his applause unite their voice.

Darkness and clouds of awful shade,  
     His dazzling glory shroud in state ;  
 Justice and truth his guards are made,  
     And fix'd by his pavilion wait.

You who to serve this Lord aspire,  
     Abhor what's ill, and truth esteem :  
 He'll keep his servant's soul entire,  
     And them from wicked hands redeem.

For seeds are sown of glorious light,  
     A future harvest for the just,  
 And gladness for the heart that's right,  
     To recompense its pious trust.

Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord ;  
     Memorials of his holiness,  
 Deep in your faithful breasts record,  
     And with your thankful tongues confess.

P S A L M



## P S A L M    XCVIII.

**S**ING to the Lord a new-made song,  
 Who wondrous things has done ;  
 With his right hand and holy arm  
 The conquest he has won.

Let therefore earth's inhabitants,  
 Their cheerful voices raise,  
 And all with universal joy  
 Resound their Maker's praise.

With harp and hymns soft melody,  
 Into the consort bring,  
 The trumpet and shrill cornets sound  
 Before th' Almighty King.

With joy let riv'lets swell to streams,  
 To spreading torrents they :  
 And echoing vales, from hill to hill  
 Redoubled shouts convey.

To welcome down the world's great Judge,  
 Who does with justice come,  
 And with impartial equity,  
 Both to reward and doom.

PSALM C.

**W**ITH one consent let all the earth  
To God their cheerful voices raise ;  
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,  
And sing before him songs of praise.

Convinc'd that he is God alone,  
From whom both we and all proceed :  
We, whom he chooses for his own,  
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

O enter then his temple gate,  
Thence to his court devoutly press,  
And still your grateful hymns repeat,  
And still his name with praises blest :

For he's the Lord supremely good,  
His mercy is for ever sure,  
His truth which always firmly stood,  
To endless ages shall endure.

All glory to thee,  
Thou mighty Supreme !  
Whose works are our wonder,  
Whose goodness our theme ;  
To the nations in darkness,  
Thy will be made known,  
And on earth as in heav'n,  
Most cheerfully done.

PSALM

## P S A L M    C V I.

**O** Render thanks to God above,  
 The fountain of eternal love;  
 Whose mercy firm through ages past,  
 Has stood, and shall for ever last.

Happy are they, and only they,  
 Who from thy judgments never stray;  
 Who know what's right, nor only so,  
 But always practise what they know.

Extend to me that favour, Lord,  
 Thou to thy chosen dost afford;  
 When thou return'st to set them free,  
 Let thy salvation visit me.

O may I worthy prove to see,  
 Thy saints in full prosperity,  
 That I the joyful choir may join,  
 And count thy people's triumph mine.

Let Israel's God be ever blest!  
 His name eternally confess'd!  
 Let all his saints with full accord,  
 Sing loud Amens—Praise ye the Lord.

## P S A L M    C V I I I .

**O** GOD, my heart is fully bent,  
 To magnify thy name ;  
 My tongue with cheerful songs of praise,  
 Shall celebrate thy fame.

Awake, my lute ; nor thou, my harp,  
 Thy warbling notes delay,  
 Whilst I with early hymns of joy,  
 Prevent the dawning day.

To all the lift'ning tribes, O Lord,  
 Thy wonders I will tell ;  
 And to those nations sing thy praise,  
 That round about us dwell :

Because thy mercy's boundless height,  
 The highest heav'n transcends ;  
 And far beyond th' aspiring clouds,  
 Thy faithful truth extends.

Be thou, O God ! exalted high,  
 Above the starry frame ;  
 And let the world with one consent,  
 Confess thy glorious name.

That all thy chosen people thee,  
 Their Saviour may declare ;  
 Let thy right hand protect us still,  
 And answer thou my pray'r.



## P S A L M CXII.

THAT man is blest, who stands in awe  
 Of God, and loves his sacred law ;  
 His seed on earth shall be renown'd,  
 And with successive honours crown'd.

His house the seat of wealth shall be,  
 An inexhausted treasury ;  
 His justice, free from all decay,  
 Shall blessings to his heirs convey.

The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light,  
 Shines brightest in affliction's night :  
 To pity the distress'd inclin'd,  
 As well as just to all mankind.

His lib'ral favours he extends,  
 To some he gives, to others lends,  
 Yet what his charity impairs,  
 He saves by prudence in affairs.

Beset with threat'ning dangers round,  
 Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground ;  
 The sweet remembrance of the just,  
 Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

P S A L M

## P S A L M CXXV.

**W**H O place on Sion's God their trust,  
 Like Sion's rock shall stand ;  
 Like her, immovable be fix'd,  
 By his almighty hand.

Look how the hills on ev'ry side,  
 Jerusalem enclose ?  
 So stands the Lord around his saints,  
 To guard 'em from their foes.

The wicked may afflict the just,  
 But ne'er too long oppress,  
 Nor force him by despair to seek  
 Base means for his redress.

Be good, O righteous God ! to those  
 Who righteous deeds affect ;  
 The heart that innocence retains,  
 Let innocence protect.

All those who walk in crooked paths,  
 The Lord shall soon destroy ;  
 Cut off th' unjust, but crown the saints  
 With lasting peace and joy.

PSALM CXLVI.

O Praise the Lord, and thou, my soul,  
For ever blefs his name ;  
His wondrous love, while life shall last,  
My constant praise shall claim.

On kings, the greatest sons of men,  
Let none for aid rely ;  
They cannot save in dang'rous time,  
Nor timely help apply.

Depriv'd of breath, to dust they turn,  
And there neglected lie ;  
And all their thoughts and vain designs,  
Together with them die.

Then happy he, who Jacob's God  
For his protector takes ;  
Who still, with well plac'd hope, the Lord  
His constant refuge makes.

The God that does in Sion dwell,  
Is our eternal king ;  
From age to age his reign endures,  
Let all his praises sing.

## P S A L M CXLIX.

O Praise ye the Lord—prepare your glad voice !

His praise in the great assembly to sing ;  
In our great Creator let Isr'el rejoice,  
And children of Sion be glad in their king.

With glory adorn'd, his people shall sing  
To God, who their beds with safety does  
shield ;  
Their mouths fill'd with praises of him their  
great king,  
Whilst a two-edged sword their right hand  
shall wield.

Just vengeance to take for injuries past,  
To punish those lands for ruin design'd ;  
With chains, as their captives, to tie their  
kings fast,  
With fetters of iron their nobles to bind,

Thus shall they make good, when them they  
destroy ;  
The dreadful decree which God does proclaim ;  
Such honour and triumph his saints shall enjoy,  
O therefore for ever exalt his great name.

P S A L M



## PSALM CL.

O Praise the Lord in that blest place  
 From whence his goodness largely flows;  
 Praise him in heav'n, where he his face,  
 Unveil'd, in perfect glory shows.

Praise him for all the mighty acts,  
 Which he in our behalf has done;  
 His kindness this return exacts,  
 With which our praise should equal run.

Let virgin troops soft timbrels bring,  
 And some with graceful motion dance;  
 Let instruments of various string,  
 With organs join'd, his praise advance.

Let them who joyful hymns compose,  
 To cymbals set their songs of praise;  
 Cymbals of common use, and those  
 That loudly sound on solemn days.

Let all that vital breath enjoy,  
 The breath he does to them afford,  
 In just returns of praise employ:  
 Let ev'ry creature praise the Lord.

E

MORN-

## MORNING - HYMN.

**A**WAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
 Thy daily stage of duty run ;  
 Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,  
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.

[Redeem thy mispent moments past,  
 And live this day as if thy last ;  
 Thy talents to improve take care,  
 For the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,  
 Thy conscience as the noon-day clear ;  
 For God's all-seeing eye surveys  
 Thy secret thought, thy works, and ways.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,  
 And with the angels bear thy part,  
 Who, all night long unwearied sing,  
 High glory to th' eternal king.

I wake, I wake, ye heav'nly choir,  
 May your devotion me inspire,  
 That I like you my age may spend,  
 Like you may on my God attend.

May

MORNING-HYMN continued.

May I, like you, in God delight,  
Have all day long my God in sight;  
Perform, like you, my Maker's will,  
Oh! may I never more do ill.]

Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,  
And hast refresh'd me whilst I slept;  
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,  
I may of endless life partake.

Lord, I my vows to thee renew,  
Scatter my sins as morning dew;  
Guard my first spring of thought and will,  
And with thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest this day,  
All I design, or do, or say,  
That all my pow'rs, with all their might,  
In thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise him all creatures here below;  
Praise him above, angelic host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

The Verses within the Crotchets may be omitted.

## EVENING - HYMN.

**G**LORY to thee, my God, this night,  
 For all the blessings of the light :  
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
 Under thy own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
 The ills that I this day have done ;  
 That with the world, myself, and thee,  
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread  
 The grave as little as my bed ;  
 Teach me to die, that so I may  
 With joy behold the judgment-day.

O may my soul on thee repose,  
 And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;  
 Sleep, that may me more active make,  
 To serve my God when I awake.

[When restless in the night I lie,  
 My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply ;  
 Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
 No pow'rs of darkness me molest.

Let



EVENING-HYMN continued.

Let my blest guardian, while I sleep,  
His watchful station near me keep ;  
My heart with love celestial fill,  
And guard from the approach of ill.

Lord ! let my soul for ever share  
The blifs of thy paternal care ;  
'Tis heav'n on earth, 'tis heav'n above,  
To see thy face, and sing thy love.

Should death itself my sleep invade,  
Why should I be of death afraid ?  
Protected by thy saving arm,  
Tho' he may strike, he cannot harm.

For death is life, and labour rest,  
If with thy gracious presence blest ;  
Then welcome sleep, or death to me,  
I'm still secure, for still with thee.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise him all creatures here below ;  
Praise him above, angelic host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN

H Y M N

ON GRATITUDE TO GOD.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
 My rising soul surveys!  
 Transported with the view, I'm lost  
 In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth,  
 The gratitude declare,  
 That glows within my ravish'd heart,  
 But thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,  
 And all my wants redress'd;  
 When in the silent womb I lay,  
 And hung upon the breast.

[To all my weak complaints and cries,  
 Thy mercy lent an ear;  
 Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt  
 To form themselves in pray'r.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul  
 Thy tender care bestow'd,  
 Before my infant heart conceiv'd  
 From whom those comforts flow'd.

Thro'

Continued.

Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,  
It gently clear'd my way ;  
And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,  
More to be fear'd than they.

When worn by sickness, oft hast thou  
With health renew'd my face ;  
And when in sin and sorrow sunk,  
Reviv'd my soul with grace.]

Through ev'ry period of my life,  
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;  
And after death in distant worlds  
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night  
Divide thy works no more ;  
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,  
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to thee,  
A joyful song I'll raise ;  
But O, eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise. *Hallelujah ! Amen.*

The Verses within the Crotchets may be omitted.

CHRISTMAS-

# CHRISTMAS - HYMN.

**H**IGH let us swell our tuneful notes,  
 And join the angelic throng;  
 For angels no such love have known,  
 T' awake a cheerful song.

Good-will to sinful men is shown,  
 And peace on earth is giv'n;  
 For lo! th' incarnate Saviour comes  
 With messages from heav'n.

Justice and grace, with sweet accord  
 His rising beams adorn;  
 Let heav'n and earth in consort join,  
 To us a child is born.

Glory to God in highest strains,  
 In highest worlds be paid;  
 His glory by our lips proclaim'd,  
 And by our lives display'd!

When shall we reach those blissful realms  
 Where Christ exalted reigns,  
 And learn of the celestial choir  
 Their own immortal strains?

EASTER-



## E A S T E R - H Y M N .

J E S U S Christ is risen to day, *Hallelujah !*  
 Our triumphant holiday, *Hallelujah !*  
 Who did once upon the cross *Hallelujah !*  
 Suffer to redeem our loss. *Hallelujah !*

Hymns of praise then let us sing *Hallelujah !*  
 Unto Christ our heav'nly King, *Hallelujah !*  
 Who endur'd the cross and grave, *Hallelujah !*  
 Sinners to redeem and save. *Hallelujah !*

But the pains which he endur'd *Hallelujah !*  
 Our salvation have procur'd: *Hallelujah !*  
 Now he reigns triumphant King *Hallelujah !*  
 Where the angels ever sing. *Hallelujah !*

# WHITSUNDAY-HYMN.

**E**TERNAL Spirit, by whose aid  
The world's foundations first were laid!

Come, visit ev'ry pious mind;

Come, pour thy joys on human kind!

From sin and sorrow set us free,

And make thy temples worthy thee;

Illumine our dull darken'd fight,

Thou source of uncreated light.

Make us eternal truths receive,

And practice all that we believe;

Give us thyself, that we may see

The Father and the Son by thee.

Immortal honours, endless fame,

Attend the Almighty Father's name;

The Saviour Son be glorified,

Who for lost man's redemption dy'd.

And equal adoration be

Eternal Spirit paid to thee;

Come, visit ev'ry pious mind;

Come, pour thy joys on human kind.

GLORIA

# GLORIA PATRI.

All glory to thee  
 Thou mighty Supreme!  
 Whose works are wonders,  
 Whose goodness our theme:  
 To the nations in darkness  
 Thy will be made known;  
 And on earth, as in heav'n,  
 Most cheerfully done.

By angels in heav'n  
 Of ev'ry degree,  
 And saints upon earth,  
 All praise be address'd  
 To God in three persons,  
 One God ever blest'd;  
 As it has been, now is,  
 And always shall be.





# I N D E X.

---

## A.

|                                             | Page |
|---------------------------------------------|------|
| <b>A</b> WAKE, my soul, and with the sun .. | 34   |
| All glory to thee.....                      | 43   |

## B.

|                          |    |
|--------------------------|----|
| By angels in heaven..... | 43 |
|--------------------------|----|

## E.

|                                    |    |
|------------------------------------|----|
| Eternal Spirit, by whose aid ..... | 42 |
|------------------------------------|----|

## G.

|                                        |    |
|----------------------------------------|----|
| Glory to thee, my God, this night..... | 36 |
|----------------------------------------|----|

## H.

|                                          |    |
|------------------------------------------|----|
| How blest is he, who ne'er consents..... | 7  |
| How long wilt thou forget me, Lord!..... | 10 |
| How                                      |    |

# I N D E X.

## H.

|                                          |    |
|------------------------------------------|----|
| How good and pleasant must it be.....    | 22 |
| High let us swell our tuneful notes..... | 40 |

## I.

|                                             |    |
|---------------------------------------------|----|
| I'll celebrate thy praises, Lord.....       | 14 |
| Just Judge of heav'n ! against my foes..... | 18 |
| Jehovah reigns ! let all the earth.....     | 24 |
| Jesus Christ is risen to-day.....           | 41 |

## L.

|                                           |    |
|-------------------------------------------|----|
| Lord, hear the voice of our complaint.... | 8  |
| Lord, who is he, that happy man.....      | 11 |
| Let all the just to God with joy.....     | 15 |
| Lord, as the panting hart desires.....    | 17 |

## O.

|                                            |    |
|--------------------------------------------|----|
| O God, my gracious God ! to thee.....      | 19 |
| O come, loud anthems let us sing.....      | 23 |
| O render thanks to God above.....          | 27 |
| O God, my heart is fully bent.....         | 28 |
| O praise the Lord, and thou, my soul.....  | 31 |
| O praise ye the Lord.....                  | 32 |
| O praise the Lord in that blest place..... | 33 |

Sing

# I N D E X.

## S.

Sing to the Lord a new made song.....25

## T.

To celebrate thy praise, O Lord.....9

The Lord himself, the mighty Lord.....12

The Lord my pasture shall prepare.....13

Thro' all the changing scenes of life.....16

To bless thy chosen race.....21

That man is blest, who stands in awe.....29

## W.

With one consent let all the earth.....26

Who place on Sion's God their trust.....30

When all thy mercies, O my God.....38

F I N I S.

D N D E

2

...to the Lord a new made song...

T

The Lord thy praise, O Lord...  
The Lord himself, the mighty Lord...  
The Lord my power shall praise...  
That all the changing fates of life...  
To this thy chosen race...  
I have made thee, who stands in awe...

W

With one consent let all the earth...  
Who place on stone's God their trust...  
When all thy mercies, O my God...

3 1 2



